The Washington Times
THE NATIONAL DAILY
ARTHUR BRISBANE, Editor and Owner
EDGAR D. SHAW, Publisher
Entered as second class matter at the Postoffice at Washington, D. C.

Published Every Evening (Including Sundays) by the Washington Times Company, Munsey Building, Pennsylvania Ave.
Mail Subscriptions: 1 year (Inc. Sundays), $7.00; 3 Months, $1.75; 1 month, 60c

SUNDAY, JANUARY 27, 1918.

More's "Utopia" Condensed

Here Is Part of a Book That Has Influenced Thinkers for Four Centuries.

The little boy dreams of red wagons and a barrel of candy. Older, he changes, wants to be a pirate, and, still older, settles down to being a good, trustworthy clerk.

The dreams of men are hopes of grown children. You guess a child's age by its planning. A fully developed being from another planet could guess our development by our dreaming of "A perfect world."

Read about the famous plan of Sir Thomas More, in his story "UTOPIA," written four hundred years ago.

This book, childish, to our minds, in parts, and wonderful prophecy in other parts, was written when Shakespeare was about to appear, written by a man who studied and thought with the great Erasmus.

Sir Thomas More, son of an English judge, was born in February, 1478. A man of courage, eloquence and wit, he was beheaded by King Henry VIII because he would not approve the King's marriage to Anne Boleyn.

He was protected and promoted in youth by the great Cardinal Wolsey. He preached justice and died brave. Read Froude's account of his end.

"The scaffold had been awkwardly erected, and shook as he placed his foot upon the ladder. 'See me safe up,' he said to Kingston. 'For my coming down I can shift for myself.' . . . The executioner offered to tie his eyes.

"'I will cover them myself,' he said, and, binding them in a cloth which he had brought with him, he knelt and laid his head upon the block.

"The fatal stroke was about to fall when he signed for a moment's delay, while he moved aside his beard. 'Pity that should be cut,' he murmured, 'that has not committed treason.'

"With such strange words—the strangest, perhaps, ever uttered at such a time—the lips most famous through Europe for eloquence and wisdom closed forever."

The book, written by this man still lives. It tells of people on an imaginary island, Utopia—all Utopians have things in common, living happily. It is in many ways an outline of those Socialist theories that Bolsheviks in Russia and others are trying—with poor success as yet—to make real in the world.

The raven and the monkey quarrel as to which has the more beautiful baby. Neither suspects that both babies are hideous. So it is with the children of men's minds, their ideas of earthly perfection.

In More's days men were executed with terrible cruelty for trifling thefts. More was looked upon as an anarchist for protesting, "No one should be driven to such extremity as to be forced first to steal and then to die for it."

More protested against a standing army—we know what it has done in Europe.

This country in 1918 is beginning to consider seriously the folly of private ownership of public monopoly and public property. Read words that More put into the mouth of his mysterious traveler four hundred years ago:

"It is my candid opinion, Master More, that it would be difficult—if not impossible—to govern a State justly and make it prosperous where private ownership prevails and property is paramount."

Raphael Hythlodaye tells the story of the blessed, imaginary island of Utopia.

It is five hundred miles long, two hundred miles at the widest. In each household or farm are forty persons—men and women, including two slaves—ruled by a master and mistress of mature age.

From each country household twenty go each year to live in the great cities of Utopia. Each a city of 6,000 inhabitants. They take turns living in the city and in the country—this would be a good idea for us in 1918.

More describes, as a wonder of the future, the incubator—not knowing, apparently, that the Egyptians had incubators. He says of the Utopians:

"They rear numbers of poultry by a marvelous plan; they do not let the hens sit, but they hatch the eggs by keeping them at an even heat. As soon as the chickens are hatched they follow the men and women, instead of the hens."

The Utopians drink light wine, cider, and beer—more civilized than American cocktail and whiskey drinkers of this century.

More amazed his readers of four centuries back by describing the streets of Utopia as "twenty feet broad." That was considered wild exaggeration. Another wonder is thus described: "Every house has two doors—one into the street and a back door into the garden." The houses are magnificent buildings; they stand joined together, without any partition or separation."

Every ten years the citizens change houses by drawing lots. More, like other Utopians, failed to understand the fundamental human passion for personal and exclusive possession.

He says, scarcely hoping to be believed, of his great city of Utopia, "houses are built in an imposing and splendid style of their own, THREE STORIES HIGH."

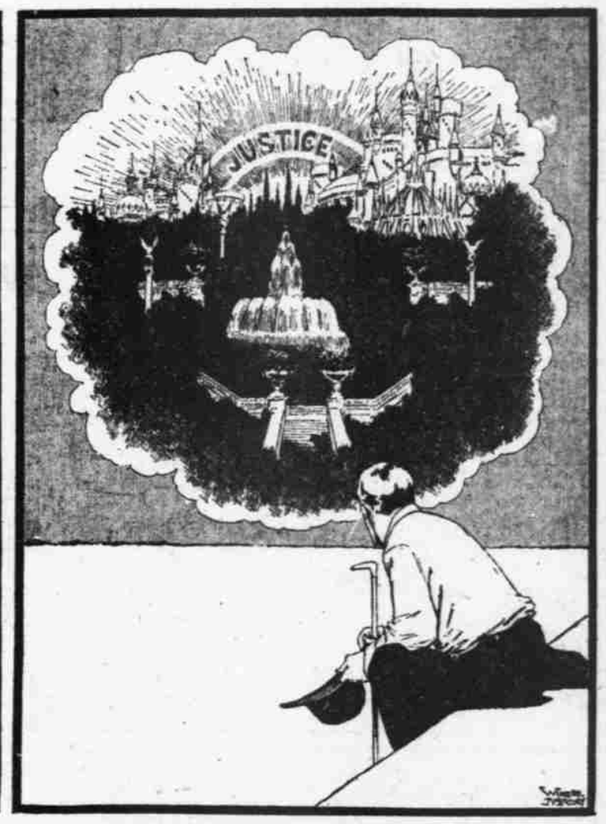
All children in Utopia are taught farming. "They play at it in their childhood." Every person, besides farming, is taught a trade.

"The Utopians divide the day and night into twenty-four hours, working only three hours before noon, when they go to dinner, and after dinner, when they have rested two hours, they work three more, and then go to supper. About 8 o'clock in the evening they go to bed, sleeping for about eight hours. All the time not occupied in working, sleeping, and eating they can spend as they like."

Before the family went to church the children kneeled

(Continued in Last Column.)

THE DREAMS OF MEN



Plenty of bisons to kill, plenty of time to kill and eat them, and between whiles the occasional killing and scalping of a man—that was Utopia to the savage.

Another dream would show Utopia the beautiful holy city, justice ruling, sorrow and selfishness unknown.

Each generation dreams, wipes out and improves the dream past. The unattainable "Utopia" of today is the accomplished fact of tomorrow.

HEARD AND SEEN - By Earl Godwin

Someone rakes me over the coals for writing only about men; so here's where I switch and write about a woman.

I don't even know her name. I had an idea I would brush right up to her and ask her. But then! What's the use of having an inventive mind if you have to ask people their names? Why not invent a name for her?

SUNSHINE MARY! That's good enough for me, unless you can think of a better one; and I'll bet more people see SUNSHINE MARY in a day than any other woman in town, except the well-known Goddess of Freedom on top of the Capitol.

SUNSHINE MARY sells papers at Fifteenth and G streets in the lee of the Riggs building. Every now and then some one "writes her up," I am told, but most young writers stick to facts gleaned from interviewing the target of their artillery. Not me. I am sitting here making this all up as I go with the intent to tell the world what I think of this wonderful newspaper-selling woman.

I have never seen her when she was not smiling. I have never seen her when she was not cheerful. Wind, rain, heat and cold attack her rather frail form, but she beats them all. She NEVER gives in.

JIM BRYAN, the print-shop man, says SUNSHINE MARY is the only person in Washington who has not complained of the bitter, bitter wind we have had. And this woman, whose hair is gray, has stood out in the arctic streets all day long, handling papers and pennies until you would think her fingers would have frozen. It's more than I could do, and I'm fairly well covered with avoirdupois.

So here's hoping someone, someday, who knows how to write or paint will make SUNSHINE MARY as famous as she deserves and here's hoping that some of you million-dollar men with grouches will go down to the Riggs building and see what a real human being can do with a smile.

Roosevelt talked at the Press Club for nearly an hour.

JAMES WICK, a member of the club, reported the speech stenographically.

JIM PRESTON, superintendent of the Press Gallery at the Capitol, was there to keep the wheels running. JIM has done more to get the proper publicity for the United States Government than any fifty men, and if the U. S. SENATE had half the same sense it thinks it has it would double Jim's salary.

When Roosevelt finished, a newspaper correspondent said to Mr. Wick: "When will this be ready?"

"By 8 o'clock," said Wick.

Practically every big paper in the country was notified by its correspondent here that the Roosevelt speech would be "on the wires" by 8:15. That means a lot.

TOM SHIPP is chairman of the Press Club's committee on publicity. The work of "getting out the Roosevelt speech" was done in his office in the Riggs building.

KEMPER COWING, a young newspaper man, who has been drafted by DAN CALLAHAN'S war stamp committee and is doing big stunts for the U. S. A. in that particular job, is also a member of the Press Club's publicity committee. He rolled up his sleeves and got things running.

Two of Tom's office force, MISS MARY MANN and MISS ANNA K. MURPHY, volunteered to stay and help.

So did FRANK WICK and JOHN P. RHODES, members of James Wick's staff.

When JAMES WICK came in with his notes he dictated them directly to the stencil cutters, the young women mentioned.

Ordinarily, stenographers dictate to a typewriter or to a talking machine, and after correcting the copy, some one dictates it again to a stencil cutter for mimeographing. But these people wanted speed and they got it.

The result was that by taking all the short cuts possible, KEMPER COWING was able to hand to JIM PRESTON fifty copies of the entire Roosevelt speech, all clipped together and ready for the telegraph wires at ten minutes to eight.

This meant more than I can tell you, in newspaper offices all over the United States. I hope that some of the red tape artists now holding jobs will read this and take a lesson from it. It was the fastest piece of work ever done in Washington, I thoroughly believe.

D. HASTINGS McADAM, formerly of this town, and now postmaster at Honolulu, has returned for a brief visit. He says he hasn't heard any ukelele music since he left here.

J. B. HALL, of the Colorado building, submits this as the prize coalless day sign. It was on a shoemaker shop on Ninth street northeast on January 21:

Closed
Coalless Monday
Gone to Baltimore to Get Some Bottled Steam.

W. L. STODDARD says he hears that San Francisco hotels have reduced their prices to all men in uniform, on the theory that every little bit bitten off helps.

J. D. UBA presents the coalless Monday sign at Wallis' cafe:

"In view of Mr. Garfield's order we cannot conscientiously sell cigars today."

Cigars are fuel, of course.

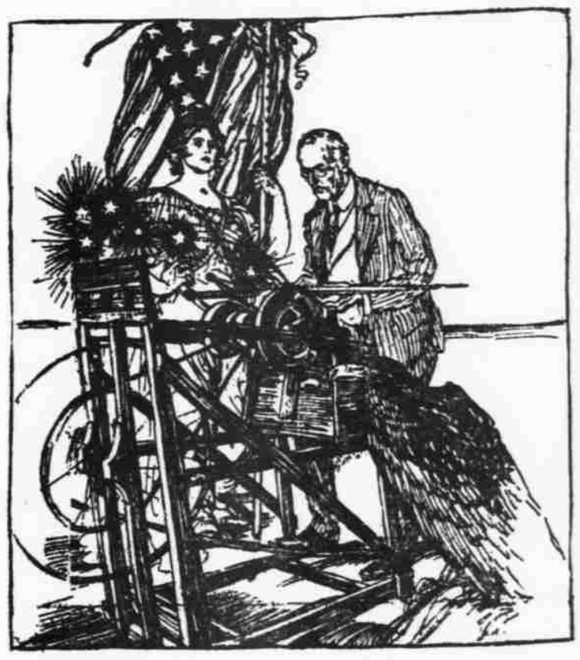
LORENZO G. WARFIELD suggests that street car congestion can be relieved by refusing permission to all street cars to travel within fifteen blocks of Fourteenth and New York avenue. Lots of good exercise would result.

J. F. CULVERWELL suggests that the old machines used for heating concrete on the streets be taken out and used to melt the snow and ice which cover our highways. Sounds good to me.

POOR RUSSIA

The artist on Il 420, a Florence, Italy, publication, pictures Russia as stabbed in the back while too drunk to protect himself. But the wound will not be fatal. Recovered from his intoxication the Russian, with a whole body and an awakening perception of his own good, will begin his advance toward his proper place among the nations of the world.

NEW STARS



The National News of London pictures President Wilson sharpening the sword of freedom. He might have labeled the grindstone "Congress," and that would have accounted for the present display of pyrotechnics to which the country is being treated. However, the sword is being given its edge and the Kaiser will soon be able to testify to its keenness.

More's "Utopia" Condensed.

(Continued from First Column.)

down in front of their mothers and confessed their offenses. The women kneeled down before their husbands and made their confessions. Then the husbands went to church with the family and there confessed to a higher power.

Men have the best seats at table; mothers nurse their own babies; the babies are taken care of in a wholesale way, "in a room especially assigned to them, and never without fire and clean water and cradles where they can lay the infants down." Older children wait at table while their elders eat, and eat after the older people. Utopia is not planned according to the ideas of the spoiled American child.

Slavery is the punishment for crime. Slaves well behaved become free again. The stores of food belong to all. It is a waste of energy to steal. More overlooked the fact that many of our imperfect human beings would also consider it a waste of energy to WORK under such conditions.

Utopians keep a treasury full of gold, and when they go to war they hire mercenaries—savages from the outside—to do the fighting for them. This was an idea that More got close at home. But in an emergency the Utopians would do the fighting themselves, with desperate courage, and always winning.

To show the foolishness of artificial wealth, the Utopians used for themselves the simplest things, and despised gold and silver, of which they made "great chains, fetters, and gyves for the slaves."

They put pearls and jewels on the little babies and teach the children to be ashamed of such toys and trifles when they are older.

That may have worked in Utopia; it would not work in Washington.

When ambassadors from another country came to Utopia loaded down with golden chains they were treated with contempt. Utopians thought, of course, they must be slaves.

Four hundred years ago More wrote in his "Utopia":

"The Utopians wonder at anyone being so foolish as to delight in the glittering of a little trifling stone who can behold the brightness of the stars or the sun itself."

Four hundred more years, and many another hundred, will pass, alas and unfortunately, before the young lady will prefer the brightness of the sun or the stars to the glitter of a small stone on her finger.

Utopians had a simple religion—immortal happiness after death the reward for decent living here. They despised hunting and killing of animals, which was a rebuke to the England of that day and the T. R. of this day.

"This pleasure in death they consider a brutal instinct, and in man denotes a cruel quality of mind, which in the long run becomes downright cruelty."

Utopians encourage suicide by one incurably diseased.

"If the disease is not only incurable but very painful the priests and magistrates reason with the patient and try to persuade him that he should determine to suffer no longer, and as his life is nothing but a torment he should not be unwilling to die, but should be glad to dispatch himself."

It was necessary to have an official permit for suicide. "Any one who kills himself before the priests and the counsel have consented to his death is not buried or cremated, but his body is thrown into some foul marsh."

More invented his own Utopian system of eugenics, with considerable frankness, in the choosing of a wife or husband. Says he:

"In choosing wives and husbands, they religiously and strictly observe a custom which, however, seemed to us very foolish at first. A staid and honest matron presents the woman—whether maid or widow—naked to the wooer; and a responsible and discreet man presents the man naked to the woman. We laughed at this custom, and thought it silly; but they, on the other hand, were surprised at the folly of people of other nations, who even in buying a colt—which is merely a matter of money—are so chary and cautious that they will not conclude the deal until the saddle and harness had been taken off, for fear some gall or sore may be hidden under them. Yet in choosing a wife who must be either a pleasure or displeasure to them all their life, they are so reckless that, the woman's body being covered with clothes, they judge of her beauty merely by seeing her face and are married forthwith."

Divorce is permitted in Utopia by consent of the man and woman if they can't get along. But it is discouraged.

Unfaithful husbands or wives are "punished by the severest grade of slavery."

"Husbands punish their wives, and parents their children."

More lived in a day when it was the respectable duty of the English husband to punish his wife "With a stick no thicker than his thumb."

In war the Utopians fought all together, wives standing by their husbands. The husband returning without his wife, the wife without her husband, or the son without his father, was disgraced. Listen to this modern touch from a book four hundred years old:

"They fence and fortify their camps securely with deep, broad TRENCHES, throwing the earth inwards."

So much for a famous book that has been read for four hundred years, discussed by millions, a book that seems childishly simple to us now, and was greeted as the dream of a mad visionary in the days of King Henry VIII, Elizabeth and Shakespeare.

At the close of his book More says that his Utopians accepted Christianity because "Christ instituted equality and common ownership among his followers."

He declares that men should die gladly, delighted to go to a better world.

"Such as go to God unwillingly, drawn to Him forcibly against their inclinations, will be unwelcome to Him."

Women may be priests in Utopia—none but widows and old women.

The churches are gorgeous, "dark on the inside because too much light distracts people's thoughts."

More truth than Utopian poetry in that. "Give light," said Dante, "and the people will find their own way."

Here you have read as much of More's "Utopia" as you would probably remember if you had read the whole book through ten days ago.